

SONNET XXII.



jT WAS of love, ungentle gentle
boy !

That thou didst come and harbour in
my breast; Not of intent my body to
destroy,

And have my soul, with restless cares
opprest. But sith thy love doth turn unto
my pain,

Return to Greece, sweet lad ! where thou
wast born. Leave me alone my griefs to
entertain ! If thou forsake me, I am less
forlorn; Although alone, yet shall I find
more ease.

Then see thou hie thee hence* or I will
chase thee! Men highly wronged, care not
to displease !

My fortune hangs on thee ! Thou dost
disgrace me! Yet, at thy farewell, play a
friendly part; To make amends, fly to
PIDESSA'S heart!



SONNET XXIII.

LY to her heart! Hover about her
heart! With dainty kisses, mollify her
heart! Pierce with thy arrows, her obdurate
heart! With sweet allurements ever move her
heart I At midday and at midnight, touch her
heart! Be lurking closely, nestle about her
heart! With power (thou art a god!) command
her heart! Kindle thy coals of love about her
heart! Yea, even into thyself, transform her
heart! Ah, she must love! Be sure thou
have her heart! And I must die, if thou have
not her heart! Thy bed (if thou rest well) must
be her heart! He hath the best part sure, that
hath her heart, What have I not ? if I have
but her heart!